

UC-NRLF



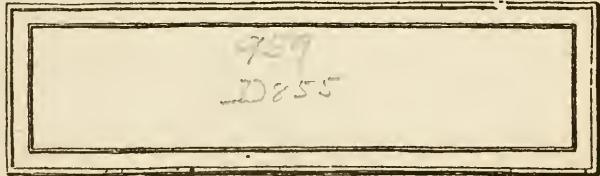
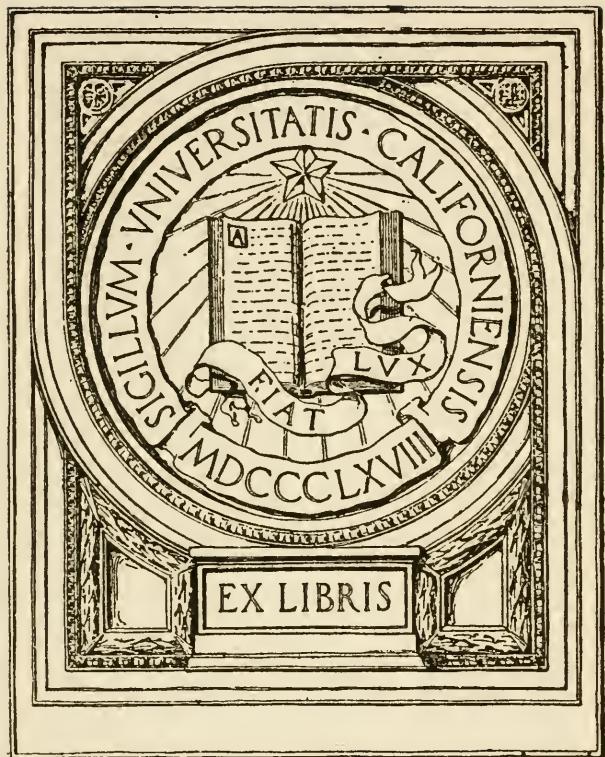
59
D853
\$B 316 574

BOHEMIAN
GLASS

E. L. DUFF



OXFORD
BLACKWELL

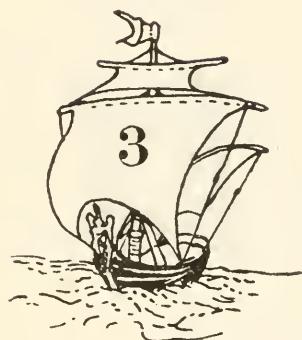




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

"ADVENTURERS ALL" SERIES.

No. 3.



BOHEMIAN GLASS

ADVENTURERS All.

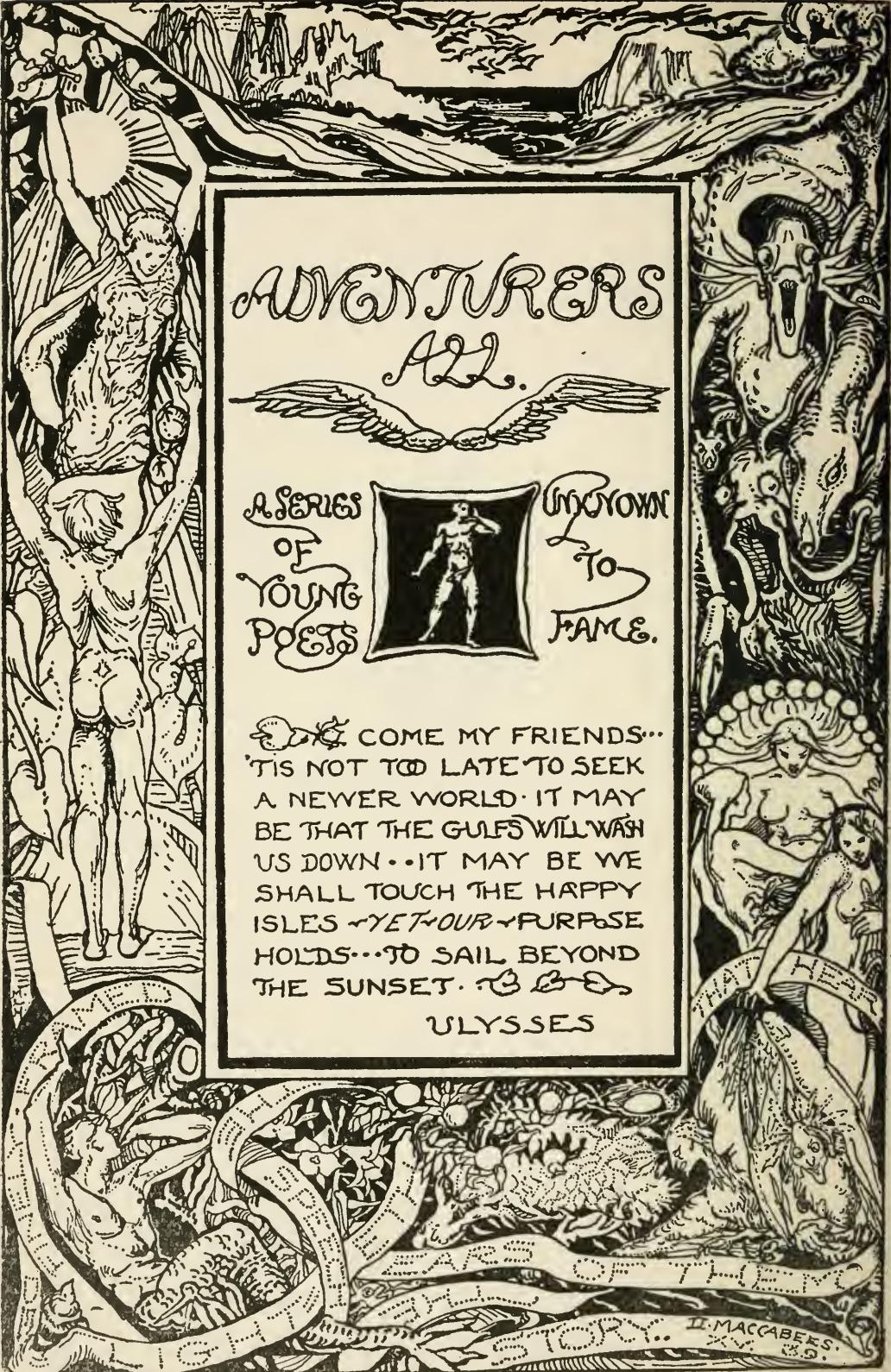
A SERIES
OF
YOUNG
POETS

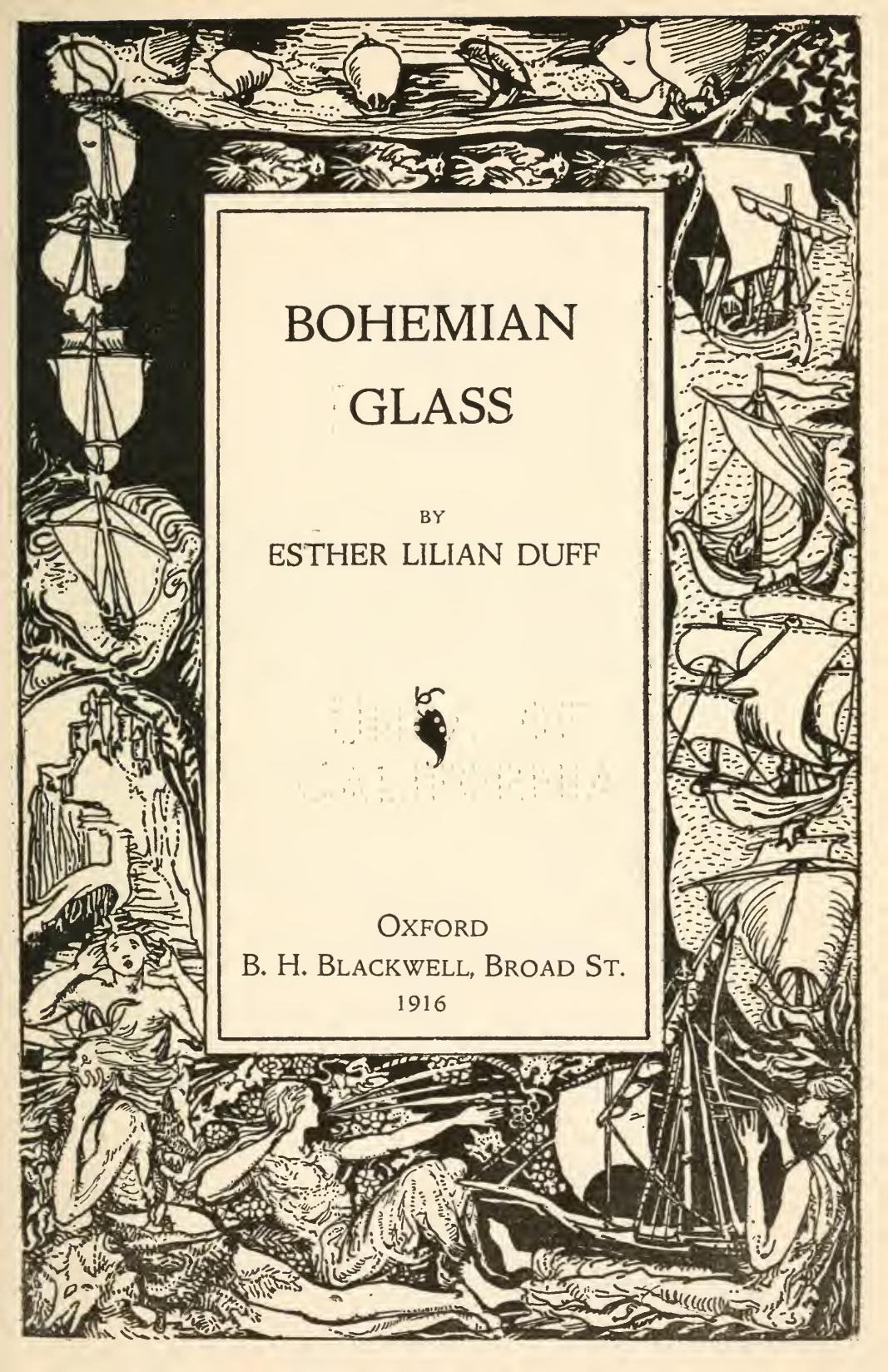


UNKNOWN
TO
FRANCE.

COME MY FRIENDS...
'TIS NOT TOO LATE TO SEEK
A NEYVER WORLD. IT MAY
BE THAT THE GULFS WILL WASH
US DOWN.. IT MAY BE WE
SHALL TOUCH THE HAPPY
ISLES ~ YET OUR PURPOSE
HOLDS... TO SAIL BEYOND
THE SUNSET. ~

ULYSSES





BOHEMIAN GLASS

BY
ESTHER LILIAN DUFF



OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD ST.
1916

THANKS are due to the Editors of *Oxford Poetry, 1915*,
and *The Poetry Review* for permission to reprint several
of the poems included in this volume.

PR 6007
U3 B7
1916
MAIN

CONTENTS.



	Page
Prologue	7
Scheherazade	9
Mirth	11
Of a certain Green-eyed Monster	12
White Nights	13
Tertium Quid	14
From a Sonnet Sequence	15
To ———	16
Non malattia mortale	17
A une dame qui veut toujours m' inviter	18
An Epiphany	19
Pastel	21
"And yet they are not three"	22
Black and White	24
Jusqu'au feu	25
The Orange Tree	27
Sunt Geminae somni portae	28
"And some do say of poppies"	29
Domenica	31
The Trees	32
With Anemones	35
Wisdom—Justified of her Children	36
Lad's Love	38
Hochgeboren	39

	Page
To his Mistress said a Fool	40
On Christmas Day	41
Black Oxen	42
Qui embrasse s'embarrasse	43
The Penitent	45
Gilt-edged Security	46
A Rune	47
Testament	48
Mandulafa	49
To Lilian	50
Creation	51
"Ask and it shall be given unto you"	53
"Seek and ye shall find"	54
A Kalendar	55
Christiani fidem in verbis	57
Hark, hark, the dogs do bark	59
Benedicta	61
Per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum	62
Preux Chevalier	63
In a multitude of Counsellors	64
Bullet-head	65
"What went ye out for to see?"	66
Moon Pennies	67
Jehane the Queen breaks silence	69
Wine and Salt	81

PROLOGUE.

OF what merchandise Life has despoiled us, good friends, we have not vouchsafed to you ; nor will : for these things must be ours. And of our hopes, which lie with the future of our strength—what should we say to you of these ? But to stay you in an unequal contest and to give you comradeship when brother knows no more the face of brother ; to prove solace to you in the hour before the dawn, we thus made steadfast the memory of such things as Life gave to us by a free gift. Read, knowing that what is shall no wise help you, and what may come shall be as nought, but that what has been has remained. Read, remembering that as all Life shall be Death, so was this Death Life. For, knowing what should come, and how man of his frailty follows his deeds into the darkness, we hid these things against your coming. From the sorrow of our own hearts hid we them that they might live : and from the hardness of our lives did we put them away.

SCHEHERAZADE.

WHEN all your coloured robes have wearied you,
 Pale red, almandine, saffron-tinted, blue—
Sea-blue—and honey-coloured, dyed and stained for you
With myriad others of more subtle hue—
When all your coloured robes have wearied you,
What will you do?

When your enamelled lovers leave you cold,
Proud knights, fair dames, lads in your love grown old,
Dreamers aflame for you, slaves waxen bold
Whom dreams have maddened, bitter loves and true,
Saints who have prayed, kings who have offered gold—
When all the little tale of love is told,
And your enamelled lovers leave you cold,
What will you do?

SCHEHERAZADE

There is but one remaining robe for you,
Untouched of ermine, shamed of precious hue,
Pale and unbleached and innocent of gold.
A careless spouse your beauty shall enfold,
While others love, to him shall you be true?
When all your lovely comrades leave you cold,
When all your coloured robes have wearied you,
When all your little tale of life is told—
This shall you do?

MIRTH.

BROTHER, what thing is mirth ?
Tell me, and I will say
Whether upon the earth
Lives there a heart more gay
Than his who needs must see
Tragedy as a jest,
Life as an irony,
Death as a pest,
And quips rob even Love of dignity.
What thing is mirth ?
Tell me and I will say.

TERTIUM QUID.

THREE wild duck swept across the moon,
Their dim brown black before her golden light,
And very soon
The third fell dead, stayed by some emissary of the
night.

Across the golden stubble leapt
Three dun brown hares in the gold light of the moon,
And very soon
A dusty, keen-eyed weasel wakened where he slept.

Three comrades lay beneath the moon,
With golden gorse-flowers for their bed,
And very soon
Two rose and sped away, and one grey man lay dead.

I watched them die—the man, the beast, the bird—
“Soon in like duologue,” I thought, “I’ll make a third.”

FROM A SONNET SEQUENCE.

O F ivory I carved my love a stick
After her own desire : among the rocks
I found the golden honey dripping thick,
And brought it as she bade, in oaten box ;
From sacrificial goat the sweetest milk,
The finest downy feathers of a dove,
Candles of perfumed wax so soft as silk,
I sought, and finding, laid before my love.
At length my gifts had pleased her, for she said,
“ Sweeter this honey than thy latakia,
These candles fine, aye, fit to light my bed”
Each worthless gift she praised, each thing drew near.
Touching the stick she smiled, and sweetly spake—
“ Thinnest thou not I love it for thy sake ? ”

TO ——

P ALE tipped anemones,
Wood sorrel sour and red,
Wild white narcissus—these
A garland for your head.

"Non malattia mortale,
Mà fu celeste forza . . ."

HOW may we sleep
Who know not night from day?
How may we keep
Unsmirched the shadow fabric of our dreams
Through the entanglement of life's red clay?
How may we weep,
Who know not if 'tis we who die or they?

How shall we live,
Tearless and reft of dreams?
How shall we give,
Where every gift must please the eye or ear,
And be none other than the thing it seems?
How shall we die
Whom life has sealed with her stigmata—fear?

A UNE DAME QUI VEUT TOUJOURS M' INVITER.

WHEN on the elephant's rough hide we see
Skin whiter than the snows of Hungary,
When with a month of Sundays we are blest,
Then I'll remember that I was your guest.

When golden coins are found in fishes' mouth,
When East turns Westward, and the North meets South,
When down beside the lambs the lions fall,
Then I'll remember, then I'll come to call.

When, Mrs. —— you have understood
That I seek sleep, not dancing ; peace, not food ;
Silence, not crowded rooms ; not games, but rest ;
Then I shall call—a really grateful guest.

AN EPIPHANY.

A MOON of silver,
A baby tiger,
Some sailing ships at sea,
A cage of thrushes,
A coat of rushes—
Would you have these of me?

Coats o' rushes let in the wet,
A tiger grown is no woman's pet,
And caged birds are ill to see.
Sailing ships may go down by night,
A silver moon is a lover's right—
I would not have these of thee.

Since a moon of silver,
A baby tiger,
Some sailing ships at sea,
A cage of thrushes,
A coat of rushes,
Seem none of them good to thee,
What shall I send from over the sea
As a gift to thee?

AN EPIPHANY



A golden cradle,
A carven table,
A blossoming almond tree,
A singing viol,
A painted dial—
Would you have these of me?

No, a child for the cradle,
A host for the table,
A man who can plant the tree,
A song for the viol,
One hour by the dial—
These would I have of thee.
Bring me these from over the sea
As a gift to me.

PASTEL.

TOWARDS the dawn my soul woke from her sleep
And, waking, watched the purple night grow grey,
As all unheeding entered in the day.

And while the living body of this death
Lay happy, dreaming peace with even breath,
She shivered and she turned again to sleep—

Only the hopeless souls dare vigil keep
While the sky lightens, purple grows to grey
And all unheeding enters in the day.

"And yet they are not three but one."

SOME of the roofs are plum-colour,
Some of the roofs are grey,
Some of the roofs are silverstone,
And some are made of clay ;
But under every gabled close
There's a secret hid away.

Women I know are dressed in rags,
Women I know in lace,
And one in a dusky robe of gold
With a hooded cloak of mace ;
But every robe and every rag
Is a secret hiding place.

"NOT THREE . . . BUT ONE" 

There's a road of water, a road of stone
And a road of steel as well,
And whichever one you may choose goes up
To Heaven and down to Hell ;
But a secret's hidden beneath the three
No living man dare tell.

Some day, a sifted heap of dust
May lay the secret bare
Of which was woman and which was roof
And which was a thoroughfare ;
But you shall not tell the grey from the gold
Or the stone from the shining hair.

BLACK AND WHITE.

DID love sojourn with you long,
Many days or few?
It was one with Time itself,
That was all I knew.

Was it sacred or profane,
Was it false or true?
It was bitter at the core,
That was all I knew.

“JUSQU’AU FEU . . .”

YOU have the labour of my years,
You have the heart from out of me,
You have my laughter and my tears,
And shall my dreams make sport for thee?

Death’s fellowship denied to me,
My broadsword sheathed about thy side,
Warfare forgot because of thee—
And art thou still unsatisfied?

I have forsworn the life I chose ;
My days, for thy sweet sake, are spent
In ways that shame me—are not those
Sufficient, Sweet, for thy content?

Because in my captivity
I wrought a solace all my own,
Art thou displeased at thought of me
Because I dared to *dream* alone?

"JUSQU'AU FEU . . ." 

Be merciful as thou art fair,
Be just as thou art sweet to see,
Leave these my fancies to my care :
Ask all things but my dreams of me.

They are so little and so frail,
Not beautiful nor wise nor strong,
To watch my dream ships setting sail
Would not content thee very long.

And they are all I have of life
Apart from thine uncaring side,
They are the children and the wife
That my life's love of thee denied.

You have the labour of my years,
You have the heart from out of me,
You have my laughter and my tears,
And shall not these suffice for thee ?

THE ORANGE TREE.

THE orange tree gave Him a little gold ball,
Dainty and sweet were the gifts of the earth,
Scented and gold were the tears that the fir-tree let fall,
When as a child and a saviour the Christ came to birth.

Scarlet and gay were the berries they laid in His palm,
White were the blossoms and sweet were the scents
of the earth,
And the pine-needle's delicate prick was too tender to
harm,
When as a child and a saviour the Christ came to birth.

Hot blazed the ball of the sun as He walked up the hill,
Gall were the tears of the pine as they hung Him on
high,
And the gift of the earth was a thorn that was potent
to kill,
When as a king and a saviour the Christ came to die.

SUNT GEMINAE SOMNI PORTAE. . . .

CAME a lad in the teeth of the wind
To the gates of horn by a god designed,
Left, when he went, his heart behind,
Now who shall comfort him—
Riddle me that.

Came a lass on a summer's day
To the gates of ivory white as whey,
She has lost the heart of her heart they say,
Now who shall comfort her—
Riddle me that.

"And some do say of poppies that they be tears of the moon
shed in a land beyond the seas, and that they do bring forgetfulness
and freedom from all pain."

O MOTHER Earth,
In all your untamed forests
And the fair lands of your tilth,
There is only one good thing for us who are so weary,
Give us but one slender handful of red poppies,
Give us sleep.

Ceres, mother of the harvest fields,
Your gold dazzles our eyes, for they are tired.
We do not ask of thee fertility, but peace :
Give us but one slender handful of red poppies,
For we have sore need of sleep.

Cybele, fierce and august,
Goddess of many paps,
Feed us with milk not of desire but of oblivion.
Give us a handful of red poppies—
We would sleep.

"OF POPPIES" 

For with the corn springs youth and love
And all the world holds good—
But we are very weary.
And with the corn uprear the scarlet poppies,
And for these we pray as never prayed we for the
glories of the spring.
Of all your colour, warmth and light,
Of all the promise of your waving sheaves,
Grant us—ah grant us this—
One slender handful of red poppies—
And the rest forgot in sleep.

DOMENICA.

WHO held the paint-box of the world
When you grew out of space,
That there is colour everywhere
But in your silent face ?

Who lit the fires of God the morn
They bade your soul depart,
That there is warmth in everything
Save your enchanted heart ?

Who lost the keys of Heaven the day
They fashioned you above,
Made you compassionate with pain,
Impervious to love ?

THE TREES.

THE trees are calling me across the earth
To change my body for a rugged bark,
To drink the sap, and be a tree again.

O trees, be dumb,
I do not choose to come.

For I am destined to another birth,
I have forgot your secrets of the dark,
And now my hands lack power to bring you rain.

Wherefore, be dumb,
Surely, I will not come.

What in my life approaches to your calm ?
Where in me can your magic forces show,
Since my primeval joy hangs cold and dead ?

O trees, be dumb,
Know that I cannot come.

THE TREES



I could but do your sanctity a harm,
Having forgot the peace I used to know,
Uprooted from the life that once I led.

Therefore be dumb,
I dare not come.

The trees are hostile to the thing I speak,
See, they are working to take in my measure,
To wrest my heart from her fool's kingdom, sense.

Were they but dumb,
Haply I would not come.

But with their magic of the dark they seek
In unknown ways to steal from me my treasure,
Knowing that with my love my choice goes hence.

O trees, be dumb,
Force me not *thus* to come.

THE TREES

Bringing me memory of my old life,
They whisper me the healing of the dark,
The branches brave and bare that once I had.

O trees, be dumb,
Lest the past make me come.

I cannot long acquit me in the strife
Against their voices forcing me to hark
To a glad life long dead—hark, or go mad.

The trees are dumb,
They know that I shall come.

WITH ANEMONES.

B ECAUSE I love them, many-hued like wine,
Dark-hearted, delicate-textured, fragile, fragrant,
fine,
These, for your Valentine.

Because they speak your grace, O Heart of Mine,
A mirror for your beauty's rare design,
These, for your Valentine.

Take from my hands their loveliness, a sign
Of all the good I willed you, O Benign—
Take from my heart these for your Valentine.

WISDOM—JUSTIFIED OF HER CHILDREN.

I KNEW so few things that it seemed
They all were gay to me—
The birds that sang, the lads that dreamed,
The coloured apple tree.

In each the crimson heart of life
Beat riotous and free :
Since they knew naught of pain and strife,
What were these things to me ?

But some day scarlet turns to brown,
Some day the dreamers wake,
Some day they bring their laughter down
To suffer for love's sake.

WISDOM—JUSTIFIED OF HER CHILDREN

So if I understand at last
Why bitter things are said,
And why no glories of the past
Suffice to stir the dead,

Remember that I earned it well,
The wisdom I shall reap—
Nor in a lesser place than Hell
Bought my desire of sleep.

LAD'S LOVE.

LAD'S love and lavender,
Rosemary and rue,
I picked them in a posy
And I offered them to you.

It was only lad's love
But surely it was true,
Only wild grey lavender,
But fragrant as it grew.
I plucked the sprig of rosemary
For memory of you,
And was it to complete the tale
I tied it up with rue?

Lad's love and lavender
Rosemary and rue,
I picked them in a posy
And I offered it to you.

HOCHGEBOREN.

STRANGER than other children she,
Born on a Sabbath day, must be.
(*Sunday's child shall see a fairy.*)

More than our customary care
She shall be called upon to share.
(*Sunday's child shall see a fairy.*)

Scatheless and delicate of touch,
She shall be silent overmuch.
(*Sunday's child shall see a fairy.*)

Holding a fairy in her hand,
She shall be swift to understand.
(*Sunday's child shall see a fairy.*)

And you shall know her by her dress,
Coloured and grey, of godliness.
(*Sunday's child shall see a fairy.*)

Too other-worldly to be wise—
Almost, it seemeth, in her eyes
Monday's child shall see a fairy.

" To his Mistress said a Fool,
Long ago"

I OFFERED you my soul, but you—you would not,
You cared not for its passionate unrest;
And so I sold it—sold it for a jest.

I offered you my heart, but you—you would not,
Thinking its humble worship did you wrong;
And so I sold it—sold it for a song.

I offered you my body, but you would not,
For it was weak: so that was also sold,
And brought me, for your better taking, gold.

When in the place of glory of my living
I sent a song and riches and a jest—
Ah, was it then I offered you my best?

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

SCENTED woods and gold,
Costly stuffs and vair,
On Christmas Day
Were offered there.
But they
Who tendered royal gifts were kings, and very old,
And you, my little son,
Are not yet one.

Love Him very well,
Tenderly and true,
On Christmas Day,
And you shall do
Sufficiently as they
Who offered scented wood and plates of gold
To Mary's little Son,
Not one year old.

BLACK OXEN.

I MARKED how black they were and strange, the oxen
That bore your body slowly to a place,
Where—when the work was done—
We stood bare-headed for a little space.

I marked how light you were to lower down,
And wondered if you knew that I was there,
And, railing in the place,
Remembered that you could not greatly care.

So you are dead, because we buried you
And oxen drew you to a resting-place—
You must be dead, for as we buried you
I trod the heaped up earth about your face.

QUI EMBRASSE S'EMBARRASSE.

DREAMS or kisses—which to choose?
There is so much to lose.

Leave me my dreams. At east in Fancy's treasury
My choice is free.

The silver moon depends so low that I
Tip-toe may pluck her from a sapphire sky
And hold her as a jewel: she is mine,
But all that made her beautiful is thine.

Leave me my dreams. Surely my castle by the sea
Shall comfort me,
My songs, my roses and my phantasies—
At least you will not beggar me of these.
Yet who should see my roses, tell me who
Should rule my castle, hear my songs—but you?

QUI EMBRASSE S'EMBARRASSE

Leave me my dreams. For you—you have so much
Life cannot touch.

Let me forget—ah, for a little while—
That I have loved you, that I know your smile.
Surely some tender fancy of the night
May conjure up again an old delight,
But that all beauty dreams can fashion me
Does but reflect the loveliness of thee.

Dreams or kisses—which to lose?
In truth—I cannot choose.

THE PENITENT.

I'VE knelt before St. Antony,
I've lit him candles two and three,
I've prayed the kind St. Antony,
"Give back my dreams to me."

He gave me back my phantasies
To cherish in a world of men,
And I am weary grown since then
To kiss his errant feet again,

To kneel before St. Antony,
To light him tapers two and three,
To pray the wise St. Antony,
"Guard thou my dreams for me."

GILT-EDGED SECURITY.

LOVE for an hour,
Love for a day—
That is the only way
To make love pay.

Love for a month,
Love for a year—
To sow a heritage
Of grief and fear.

Love for a time,
Love for a life—
Your joy is pain,
Your peace is strife.

Love for an hour,
Love for a day—
It is the only way
To make love pay.

A RUNE.

FOR love of the love of thee
Whither shall I go?
All the birds sing of thee,
The days are full of thee,
Nor can night comfort me.
For love of the love of thee
Where shall I go?

I drove my ships to sea,
But thou wert there,
There didst thou follow me,
There wast thou my despair.
How shall I hide from thee,
Whither shall I go from thee
Who find thee everywhere?

TESTAMENT.

I LEAVE my wealth to whosoever wills,
From curiosity or kindness,
Be burdened with the footing of my bills—
Then let the rest be his.

I leave my books to him who was my friend ;
His choice they were, and mine,
And he will know why as I neared the end
I left him these for sign.

I leave my dreams to one who follows me,
Who, treading where I trod,
Hath need of dreams before the end may be,
Before his sheltered sleep beneath the sod.

To you—I leave my heart from out this will.
You had it always—you will keep it still.

MANDULAFÁ.

(*FROM THE HUNGARIAN.*)

O ALMOND Tree that bloomed upon our love
And blossomed with the first faint stirrings of our
passion,
Do you remember as you fade ?
Do you remember ?
Your petals fell upon her upturned face ;
Your interlacing branches hid the sky.

Hide me again, O Almond Tree ;
Hide me from living as you hid me from the sky.
Give me your bark and I will make my coffin ;
I will make it smooth and it shall hide me,
I will cut it down and plane it,
Close against my heart your face shall lie
And it shall shut me out from living.
You are fading too, O Almond Tree,
Do you remember as you fade ?

TO LILIAN.

NEEDETH a lute to sing the grace of you,
Needeth a lute of satin-wood, close-grained,
Inlaid with pearl and delicately stained
A glowing amber, to set forth your grace—
A polished lute, wherein your merry face
Shines back at you again seen all askew.
Needeth a lute to sing the grace of you.

CREATION.

I MADE a race and it was beautiful
Until it grew beyond the simple state
Of man's joy in his body, dutiful
But to its laws and all content with fate—
I made a race and it was beautiful.

Beautiful till test came, and then disloyal
To all the body's cleanly laws of life:
Dutiful till temptation—then destroyal
Came with the primal principles of strife.

I made a race, ugly indeed but strong:
Bull-necked, thick-headed, firm to bear the weight
Of any burden, fierce beneath the thong
Of its desires—keen both to love and hate.
Yea—though this race was ugly it was strong.



Strong—till its piteous strength wrought enervation,
Because it conquered earth and despised death :
Strong—till satiety wrought its desolation
And left it lacking strength to draw its breath.

I made a race—what can I say for it ?
Not beautiful, not strong—poor, never free
From feverish disquiet by passion lit ;
Fearful of death, yet not content to be.
The final race—what can I say for it ?

What can I say for it if I should find there
One who dared question why his soul was made—
Made for a god's whim, and not even fair
And at a cost which kindness forbade.

"Ask and it shall be given unto you. . . ."

I HAVE found unneeded things—
Slaves of bronze and ivory,
Songs and wines and rivalry.

I have found unneeded things—
Gold and glass and chrysophrase,
Love and contumely and praise.

I have found unneeded things—
Crystalline and dark as jet,
But the harvest is not yet.

Someday there will come to me
Out of these a memory,
And I shall follow and be free.

" . . . Seek and ye shall find."

A MONG the painted days of coloured pride
One little hour of grey—
A memory which no jesting can deride.

I always pray that when the noon gives place
To night in my life's day,
I may be spared the intervening space,

And travel swiftly to the darkest night,
For twilight is so grey—
Holding a memory in death's despite.

A KALENDAR.

I MADE a Kalendar of Saints
To name upon my rosary,
And daily I entreat their aid for thee.

To guard thee during sleep
I name St. Veep ;
St. Prisca has thy wardrobe in her care,
And blithe St. Hugh the dressing of thy hair ;
St. Madoc aids the toilette of my fair.

When thou betimes to household tasks repair,
St. Silvester is there ;
St. Chad inspects the linen and the lace ;
Each polished spoon reflects the shining face
Of St. Remigius, minister of grace,
And o'er the meal presides St. Boniface.

A KALENDAR

To keep thy missal, tempting thee to read,
I name St. Bede;
And later, when thy friends shall visit thee,
Ensuring that the talk be blithe and free,
I seek betimes the bland St. Alphege;
While to thy pen, lest haply thou shouldst need it,
Attends St. Deusdedit.

And when the little masque of day is over,
Gentle St. Damien of Villanova
Takes charge of thee, and all that thou shalt know
Of this hour's passing is that thou wilt grow
Dreamily willing for the night, and so
(Turning a bead in prayer to deft St. Probyn
For thine unrobing)
To guard thee during sleep
I name St. Veep.

“Christiani fidem in verbis; Judaei in lapidibus pretiosis; et
Pagani in herbis ponere solebant.”

I MADE my Love a garth of herbs,
And tended it until they grew
And crept about the stony curbs
In tufts of lavender and blue.

I planted gilliflowers at dusk,
Because my true love willed it so,
With beds of marjoram and musk,
And cloves and burnet in a row.

And heartsease and valerian leaf
In seeded plots of green and grey,
“Because they bring sick souls relief
Sometimes,” my Love would say.

"PAGANS IN HERBS" 

And one there was she bade me grow
In some quiet corner far away,
What power it held I do not know,
Nor why my Love would stay

And watch its sombre purple flower
Bloom, and its waxen berries fade ;
Perchance it held some healing power—
This plant she loved and called Nightshade.

I made my Love a little garth,
Wherein she walks at dusk of day ;
But at a once familiar path
She stops and turns away.

"Hark, hark the dogs do bark,
The beggars are come to Town,
And some in rags and some in tags
And some in velvet gown."

THE beggars came to Town in very sooth,
And some in rags and some in tattered gown,
And some begged money and some pleaded youth
Throughout the Town.

And with them came another murmuring
In weary tones. A dainty velvet rare
Attired him, yet he spoke as one whose mind
Is dark with care.

To him the would-be hosts came hastening out,
Pushing aside the plea of meaner frank,
"God's truth," they said, "this is no common lout,
His looks mean rank."

THE BEGGARS ARE COME TO TOWN



They bade him eat his fill and drink and sleep,
They offered money and they counselled rest,
Because they thought a fair reward to reap,
Giving their best.

All was refused, so that at last one said,
“Tell us then, Sire, what is it that you lack?”
“I seek for my dear Love but lately dead
To bring her back.”

Then did the saner mendicants cease strife
To marvel at so strange a happening—
Despising bread, this man had sought for life,
An unquiet thing.

BENEDICTA.

(He pre-assureth her concerning her latter estate.)

SWEET, when you come to die,
Linger awhile before the ebon gate,
For in the shadowed space
We who have loved you wait,
And as a porte-bonheur have hoarded by
Such charméd recollection of your grace,
You cannot come a stranger to that place.

Sweet, when you come to die,
Linger awhile before the ebon gate,
Then pass indifferent through,
And thereinafter lie
Serenely heedless of your altered state.
So long désiréd of a love so true,
Death shall be only gentleness to you.

Per Jesum Christum
Dominum Nostrum.

FOR fish,
In dish ;
For groat,
In boat ;
For browny meat
From Market Street ;
For milk from cow—
I've finished now . . .
My thanks wilt take
For Jesus' sake ?

PREUX CHEVALIER.

HAD you not been my neighbour but my God,
There'd not have been considerable differ,
I should have followed up the path I trod,
You'd have become, perhaps, a little stiffer.
I have laid offerings before your feet
Always ; it needed but to change the scent
To uncrushed incense, and the meal of meat
To a well-larded capon. I have spent
In serving you my duty towards God.
(The times I've called upon you, not a few,
Loved you with all my heart ; and, it is odd
To think on now, put my whole trust in you !)
And I have reaped the saints' inheritance,
Despised of men and beggared of my pence.

"In the multitude of counsellors there wanteth not wisdom."

WHEN I was of an age to wed,
I called my comrades, and I said,
"Can we do nothing else instead?"
Then grave Perpetua shook her head,
While Clarice blushed a dainty red,
Anne left me with a hasty tread,
And it was Ursula who said,
"Sooner than man shall share my bed
I'll lie beneath a gravestone—dead!"

BULLET-HEAD, BORN IN A TIME OF WAR.

ON a tiny silver thread
We've hung an hook for Bullet-Head.

We've got her seven linen smocks,
And seven *tiny* pairs of socks,

(Striped in rings of blue and red
Intriguing to a Bullet-Head.)

Flat little buckskin shoes of white
To match the early morning's light,

A monkey smooth and very dear,
His tail is very soft and clear,

His fur is *very* grey-and-white—
He sleeps with Bullet-Head at night.

" . . . What went ye out for to see ? "

I SAW my Mistress in the crowd
That watched as I was carried by.
How came that lovely lady proud
To see a traitor die ?

I glimpsed the lilies in her gown,
(So exquisite, so tall is she),
As I rode slowly through the town
For honest men to spit on me.

'Twere but in keeping with the past,
If to the butchery came she
To make my sweetest hour my last,
To raise her eyes and smile at me.

MOON PENNIES.

SILVER pennies, silver pennies,
Coinage of the moon,
You will vanish if I hoard you,
I must spend you soon.

Silver pennies, silver pennies,
What is worth your cost ?
Can you buy me back from darkness
All the things I've lost ?

Silver pennies, silver pennies,
You are very small,
It were hardly kind to bargain
With you for them all.

MOON PENNIES



Silver pennies, silver pennies,
Buy me only one—
Buy me back the childish fancy
That the day is done.

Silver pennies, silver pennies,
Coinage of the moon,
Bring me back a childish fancy—
Let me spend you soon.

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE.

I HAVE had lovers many, many—once too I was loved,
And once did love again.

Once? Nay, but three times, as a woman may,
To ease her childhood and to sain her youth,
And once to curb all rapture and despair
Into so dark and strange an ecstasy
That scarcely may she suffer it and love.

I have had lovers many, many—once too I was loved,
And once did love again,
And now these many years I have been Queen
Of broad Navarre.

I have raised Wisdom in the place of Love,
And laid my hopes away from those frail hearts
That break so soon. But I am woman still,
And I remember. And as dusk comes down
And blots my territories from my sight,
I dream of other kingdoms I have swayed,
Less ordered lands, and of more bitter ways:
And dreaming I remember Juliet—
Her broad brown face, the swift remembered smile

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE 

I would have died for ; the true word of praise
Never withheld, saving in mercy's sake.

I had a proud name, yet her heart came close
Laughing, and I could lay aside at last
The youthful burden of my dim despairs
And smile and weep, a child. I was her care
And she remembered me.

Well, she is dead (and youth died long ago),
Yet I can still recall the winter's night
I came to her strange home and saw the mists
Of those grey plains gather her soul to rest,
And hear her say, "Be gentle for my sake
To your sad self"—for this was Juliet.

And there was Maddelena ; me she loved
And wooed me for her God. She knew strange things ;
She had sad thoughts at heart and called them happy.
So great, so little, it had liked her well
To lead the homage of a slim young Queen
Captive before her gods, to bend those knees
Weary of adoration at her Throne.
Had I been other, had she judged more true,
And ta'en my spirit's measure for the breadth
Of my fair lands ?

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE 

But Maddelena loved me. Brotherhood?
Nay, Maddelena loved me, by her gods!

And I loved Alisande. Loved, do I say?
The word is well enough.
And Alisande would steal your heart away
Upon a breath, as sure as morning dawns
Lightly and easily upon a night of fears.
Blame you, my Alisande,
Because you must be loved, and needs must love
A little in return, and love from you
Came like a sharp sword from a jewelled sheath?
Let those who never saw you judge of you.
I saw, I knew, I tasted bitter things,
And I have not forgot your loveliness.

I am a Queen, and therefore pitiful,
And therefore patient. But I should have known
Better than let Aurelio weary me.
Again methinks I hear his fretful cry
Troubling my ear—"Princess, I give you all—
Not man's mere love for woman, but myself,
My prime of years, my heritage of race,
My spirit's flowering time, untouched at all

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

Of the grey frost of age. Myself as man
I spread beneath your feet adorable.
I give you all: so do I worship you
As men may worship God. And you dispose
Not so much bounty as you deign to cast
Unto the meanest slave seeking your grace.
I' faith, 'twould seem your pride were but caprice,
As sorts with those who crowd your little court
And pitifully claim the meed of love—
Fond fools and patient maids, dotards whose blood
Runs thin and loiters fearful in their veins—
These pay you love and reverence as a debt;
I, man to woman, claim it as my right:
Princess, I love you; Queen, I give you all."

O weak and easy heart that could not rate,
Even for love's sake, one above himself!

(Went ever lover forth, Aurelio,
But bare his lady's gage for cognizance
Upon the blank shield of humility?)

'Twas he who boasted of love's permanence,
Whose love could not outstay five little moons
Of pity and denial: he who came
(Since none there was beside could comfort him)
And brought the little burden of his tears

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

To me for soothing—he who gave me all.
It was not royal—that munificence!
Yet, since this little nothing was your all,
'Tis held for something in my memory,
I rendered pity for your gift of love,
I need forgiveness too, Aurelio,
And I have paid full measure for my debt.

'Twas then I lacked, lacked most, my Eleanore,
Your passionate doubt, your stern insistent peace,
The healing of your pitiless despair.
For you were sad, sadder than any knew,
Since none were wise enough to know: and yet
More than all creeds your sadness could provoke
Belief in lovely things. Ah, Eleanore,
But once again to see her halting steal,
A shadow from the shadows, up the stair,
(One hunchback shoulder rounding those soft stuffs
She wore so carelessly), to know her passed
To that same turret chamber guarded yet
Against her coming! There to what harsh peace,
To what remote despairs she yielded her
I make no guess; she was not of those folk
An easy salve entreats to happiness.

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

She knew no mother-comfort save despair
Which failed her never. . .
How came so sombre and so pure a soul
Into that little, crooked body, formed
To do fool's service in a sanctuary ?
Heedless of mortal love, pity and pride
Had passed aloof her dreaming solitude,
Yet long companionship of loneliness
Versed her in human lore. What moved her else
That unforgotten night of bitterness
To sit beside my casement until dawn
Remote and passionless, yet pitiful,
Withholding pity ; and at twilight rise
Leaving me comforted, our silence still unbroken ?
Omniscient, she did not halt nor haste
For any knowledge of her heritage
The measure of her unrecorded years,
Yet in an hour was gone—at evenfall,
Robed for the festival. I know not where
Nor on what errand. Haply she grew spent,
Or keeps some fearful tryst we know not of,
Or flames some high emprise. This truth alone
I know of her who passed our friendly coasts
As in a dream—that wheresoe'er she go

JEHANE; THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE



Surely she goes to God.
She will not come again, my Eleanore,
Not for her need, nor mine. I saw her last for ever—
The judas-coloured meshes of her robe
Guarded with minever, the shining hair
Shaming its golden pin, and in her hand
A sweet familiar disc of ivory.

“Not Love, such interlude?” Love is a pain
Sorts ill with majesty. Yet one there was
But we’ll not speak of him. Dead, do you ask?
Aye, dead these thirty years,
And for these thirty years I have been Queen
Of broad Navarre.

Leave we of him and turn we to Linette,
Little Linette, robed all in smiles and tears
For this first sweet adventure of her youth,
When Hope was still the earnest of achievement
And love a loyal sound and delicate
And unbemused of doubts. Marked you how she,
Impatient of her years, would call me Mother,
And kiss my hands, and sob against my heart
In dear abandonment such simple griefs,

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

Learned at a childish crossing of the ways,
As I had smiles for while my mother's knees
Seemed yet a precious height unscalable,
Yet fraught for her with trembling until shared
And in my arms wept out of memory
In silver tears. Nathless, I had her wed.

'Twere wiser so. Hers was a passionate heart
Shaken of moods, and now she is at peace
And lives, madonna-wise among her babes,
A wife adored.

When at my lips she first found kisses sweet,
When first the little heart that beat for mine
Sought a wild message in my tenderness
And throbbed apace, I gave her to her love.
Queens shall not reign forever, nor for aye
One sceptre rule one land—and for the rest,
I have a loyal subject in Linette.

And for my counsellor—dark Morgan. She
More wise than all the greybeards sapient,
The keen bright warring wits deliberate,
Swift with impetuous youth, that I am wont
To summon to my councils ; whose sagesse
Has won for me the laurel and the bay

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

And decked my crown with ermine.
To them due meed of thanks ; all-vigilant
They prove me wise in action, and my lands
Praise their achievement with prosperity.
Yet at the last their prescience needs must leave
A human heart amazed, unpiloted,
And all astray in darkness.
Wherfore more oft than they have wit to know
Who call me happy in my day's serene,
I grope my way to Morgan. Her strange art
Can weave the coloured shadows of our life
Into a swift, mysterious tapestry
Where Time insatiate calls each phantom soul,
Glad or reluctant, to the tryst with life
Again and yet again ; until he learn,
Through desperate hope, in bitter fearful joy,
To still his ways to peace. What sealéd door
Sets she ajar for me, that hearkening
I do forget my whilom majesty
And seem a little child told of some long strange journey,
Misliking him, yet asking only this,
“ Shall I at all be companied ? ” And she
(Seer in her wisdom, woman in her ruth)
“ Nay, Jehane the Well-beloved, unconsolate

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

Of these her lovers and the friendly host
Long since forgot, shall fare her forth alone
Friendless as e'en the beggar at her gate."
And hers such power, I see the æons pass
Flinging their challenge to Eternity,
And still we linger at the banqueting
To smile, to drink, to hate, and hand in hand,
While swift desire and light-foot love grow halt,
To feel the world harsh with the salt of tears,
And man, for all his panoply of kin,
Most solitary.
And in the stricken winter of my fears,
There seems no grim and bitter throe but we
Assuredly shall suffer; finding not
From this strict season any harvesting
Whence we may garner wisdom, fragrance, love,
To serve in sweet beguilement of the way.
Then at my need made perfect, there will turn
Morgan, a little smiling; lay her hand
Upon my brow imperial, abased,
Arraigning tender-wise my childishness,
"So solitary, Jehane? Yet unaware
Of that far-travelled friend who walks beside,
Outwearying your utmost weariness,

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE

Holding the stage with you, gaining anew
Through each successive interlude, an art
More brave, a grace more penetrant?
Walks Jehane alone, disconsolate, with Jehane
To bear her company? ”
A gift than life more sure, than love more sweet,
She gives me so—she gives me to myself.
Said I not well, “Morgan, my counsellor”?

In proud acknowledgement of this last debt
I tell the rosary of my memories—
For Juliet a carven bead of gold
Refined in the fire; for Maddelene
A sapphire adamantine; Alisande
A clouded pearl, as 'twere a tear made whole
In praise of weeping; and for you I loose
A fire-stone, flickering, Aurelio.
And here the chain was broken . . . here I placed,
(Lest everything be lost) my emerald.
So still the jewelled thread holds memories,
Sweet, reconnaissante, bitter; but my heart
Is grown too old to heed, my hands to tell
Their shining half-remembered loveliness,
Until among them slides a milk-white bead

JEHANE THE QUEEN BREAKS SILENCE 

Of ivory, and tokens Eleanore ;
A myrrhine drop of amber names Linette ;
And last a crystal pure, inviolate,
Holding within its cold and stainless walls
A secret thing—and lo, my shaken trust
Beneath the spell of Morgan quiets to certitude.

So at the last not all disconsolate—
Morgan spake true—through coloured days and grey
Jehane of herself is friended utterly. . . .
I have had lovers many, many. Once too I was loved,
And once did love again . . .
And now these thirty years I have been Queen
Of broad Navarre.

WINE AND SALT.

WHY are the vats run dry so soon
Of purple juice and red?
Keep you no good wine for the last
Toast to the sober dead?

Why is the salt so savourless,
Before the ripening years
Have sated our quick appetite
For the brackish taste of tears?

God's curse upon the beggary
That robs us ere the years slip by,
Takes e'en the savour out of salt
And lets the vats run dry!

“ADVENTURERS ALL.”

A SERIES OF YOUNG POETS UNKNOWN TO FAME. Uniform volumes, in Dolphin Old Style type, crown 8vo, art wrappers, 2s. net each.

FIRST FOUR VOLUMES NOW READY

THE ESCAPED PRINCESS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By WILFRID ROWLAND CHILDE (Author of “The Little City”).

BOHEMIAN GLASS. By ESTHER LILIAN DUFF.

THURSDAY'S CHILD. By ELIZABETH RENDALL.

CONTACTS, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. W. EARP.

IN PREPARATION

THE IRON AGE. By FRANK BETTS.

THE TWO WORLDS. By SHERARD VINES.

A VAGABOND'S WALLET. By STEPHEN REID HEYMAN.

THE BURNING WHEEL. By ALDOUS HUXLEY.

OP. I. By DOROTHY SAYERS.

Others to follow.

¶ One object of this Series is to remove from the work of young poets the reproach of insolvency. ¶ The Series will be confined to such work as would seem to deserve publicity. ¶ It is hoped that these Adventurers may justly claim the attention of those intellects which, in resisting the enervating influence of the novel, look for something of permanent value in the more arduous pursuit of poetry.



OXFORD POETRY, 1910—1913. With an Introduction by GILBERT MURRAY. Crown 8vo, art boards, cloth back, 3s. 6d. net. *Second Impression.*

OXFORD POETRY, 1914. With an Introduction by Sir WALTER RALEIGH. Crown 8vo, art boards, 2s. 6d. net; paper wrapper, 1s. net. *Second Impression.*

OXFORD POETRY, 1915. Crown 8vo, art boards, 2s. 6d. net; paper wrapper, 1s. net. *Second Impression.*

NEW BEGINNINGS. By G. D. H. COLE. Crown 8vo, art boards, 2s. 6d. net.

SYMPHONIES. By E. H. W. M. Cr. 8vo, art wrapper, 2s. net.

OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

OXFORD:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH VINCENT

YB 53191

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045595783

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

